

# FASHIONABLE SWEATERS FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY



THE smart girl of Washington today is as devoted to her sweater as her grandmother was to the hug-me-tight which she wore many a long year ago. This modern 1904 girl would scorn the suggestion of a hug-me-tight. That is, she says she would, and of course she is referring to the clumsy knitted garment which the girl in the early 60's wore when she dressed for skating and sleigh riding.

However, the sweater of today is really an evolution of the old looking hug-me-tight, with its two ends crossed in surplus fashion.

The new sweaters, which all the fashionable girls are wearing, have outgrown all their clumsiness.

Once they bore a striking resemblance

to the college boy's sweater, but now they show plainly that they are made for dainty femininity. They come in many designs in Washington shops, and are suitable for both town and country wear. They are prettily shaped to the figure, and, taking them together, they are quite as attractive as they are useful. And every woman knows that that surely speaks well for their attractiveness. For next to the shirt waist, what garment is there for solid comfort and all around usefulness that can compare with the sweater?

Of course, she makes her own sweater, this modern girl of today—that's why she has so many. In the shops they are expensive, selling as high as \$15, but made at home they can be gotten up for a trifling cost.

The Norfolk jacket sweater done in the popular cable stitch is perhaps the favorite among all the new sweaters. It is shaped like a Norfolk jacket and is quite as fashionable for town wear—for shopping on F Street—as for outing wear.

## Handmade Norfolk Jacket Sweaters.

The newest Norfolk jacket sweaters are made in two colors. A very light colored knitting yarn is used as well as a dark one. In fawn color and dark brown, this style of sweater is extremely fashionable. In bright scarlet with the raised stitch in black it is also a great favorite, and is often worn underneath the lightweight rain coats which really have a way of wooing grip

and pneumonia, as they are always much thinner than one's everyday coat. The knitted vest is also used for this same purpose.

## Manifold Uses of These Vests.

These vests the golf girl is devoted to, and so attached has she become to her warm, gay colored little waistcoat that she not only wears it on the links, but on any number of occasions in town. She will wear it cool spring days under her early spring jacket. She will wear it over her cotton shirtwaists and sometimes it will be a delicate little garment in baby blue or faint pink, and then again it will be in the purplish leather shades or hunting pink or vivid golf green.

These knitted vests are made in a va-

riety of stitches, but the English vest stitch is the one most preferred. For golfing the vests are often made with long silk sleeves, but generally they are sleeveless vests, pure and simple.

The very young fashionable girl has all sorts of fads about the buttons she uses for her knitted vest. Many times each button is different, and each suggests some particularly happy bit of history known only to the girl who wears the vest, and one other very interesting person.

Then again, instead of being memory buttons they are souvenir buttons picked up here and there from different places; and the odder they are the better they are liked. Of course, every girl does not fasten her knitted vest with

unusual buttons; for many of them are plain gilt, pearl, or gun metal.

The girl who believes in physical culture and who takes her exercises night and morning with systematic regularity, to her the sweater is, of course, indispensable. But even for this purpose the sweater is a much more shapely garment than it used to be. The stitches are often arranged closer together as they near the waist line, giving the figure a tapering effect.

These sweaters for gymnasium, home exercise wear, and out-door sports, are made up in a great variety of attractive models. Some are made in the conventional sweater design, and have the only opening at the neck. They are frequently knitted in the English vest

stitch and in shaded yarn, so that they have a changeable effect.

The sweaters that open in the front are sometimes made with short basques and sometimes they have the turn-over collar and straight revers, which are buttoned back or worn closed.

## Sweaters in Contrasting Colors.

Stylish looking sweaters are made with a yoke, belt, and deep cuffs in a contrasting color from the body of the sweater. In dark blue and fawn color they look well, and also in cardinal and white. These sweaters are either fastened with gilt or pearl buttons, and they are equally suitable, and the smart girl wears them, not only for her athletic sports, but with her lightweight summery gowns. They are made in such lovely colors as pastel, pink, café au lait, baby blue, and pistache green.

# DAVID HERON'S TEMPTATION A TALE OF AUSTRALIA

"SILENCE! You dare to hint at such a thing to your own father?"

It left the lips of the courtly mine manager with a suppressed vehemence that he would have scarcely credited. He had half-risen, starting at that little glass panel in the door which shut off the outer offices—almost as though he feared a buzz of threatening voices and a host of pointing fingers. But all was still. He wiped something from his forehead, sat back, and looked across into Sheila's gray, questioning eyes.

"I do dare," came her steady whisper. "Not for my own sake, but for yours—yes, and for David Heron's! He has trusted you, worked for you, believed in you, to an extent that any disaster to you now would crush him."

What is that—another inspired paragraph from an English newspaper? She picked it up and read the first printed words slowly: "Shareholders in the almost forgotten Little Goliath Mine may be pardoned a thrill over the news that the elusive lode has been accidentally located. If the latest dabled reports can be trusted, there seems little doubt that the mine is yet destined to fulfill—"

She paused, dropped the paper, and looked away, with quivering lips.

"You're mad, my pet," he forced out, with a strained laugh. "You've dreamed all this. I'd send you right away, only that a few hints of that sort breathed in your sleep might set the gossipa talking and bring about an unjustifiable slump in the newly revised shares—"

might even ruin myself and, as you suggest, David Heron with me!"

"Dad!" The gray eyes were misty, her voice trembled, as she crept closer and put her hand on his shoulder. "Is it all a part of your playing? I understand very little, but I love you still, and my heart tells me that something is wrong. It breathes in the air, in your own haggard face, in your sleepless nights. Yes, away in old England hundreds of people are waiting anxiously for the truth about this new lode in the old mine; their shares are balancing for a rise or a fall. Here, in Australia, what is going on? Why the secrecy, the procrastinations, the private meetings between you and this syndicate, which appointed you sole

manager to exploit the mine on the strength of your reputation? Is there the shadow of shame behind? Is the reef struck as rich as all these reports have implied?"

"What do you mean?" he asked in a husky, dogged voice. "I mean," she whispered, "that the shame of a crash and exposure would cling to David for life. I may not be able to influence you, but I know that he has been drawn into it unconsciously. Let me warn him of what may happen, even if it leaves him no alternative, but to give up his position here and start life anew."

With his lips set hard, Mr. Foskett rose and pointed.

"Go! Go back to your friends, your music—to a woman's proper sphere! Remember, if any hint of the kind should get abroad, I shall know the source and how to act effectually. As you say, David Heron has all at stake, and will sink or swim with me. Now, maybe, you understand, and will keep your place as a woman."

"Yes," she answered very pale now; "I understand now why you would never let him know that I had £5,000 in my own right, and why you feared I might wish to invest it in the mine shares, as you allowed him to invest his little all."

"Go!" he repeated. "You're in love with the man, and have taken my consent for granted, and that's sufficient. Never mind what I mean. Enough that your dream is all imagination, and that in three months' time the shares will be standing at a premium in England."

Mechanically Sheila passed the door of the private staircase leading to the living portion of the handsome mine-estate office. The instant the door had closed Mr. Foskett sprang up and sild the catch. He swung round, both hands to his head. In that brief instant he had undergone a physical transformation. His face was blanched, his eyes were sunken and staring. What to do? He was drawn both ways and human nature had pulled hardest. True it was that, persuaded primarily of the syndicate's good faith and good fortune, he had sunk all his private means in the scheme and the purchase of shares at a discount. Now that the mine had proved bare of all but patchy veins of unpayable ore, he must go on at all costs;

he must sell the remnant of his commercial integrity to save his money; he dared not draw back and face a crash.

Over the seas there, the hundreds of eager eyes were turned toward Australia; he could seem to feel them burning into him, as he stumbled to his desk and clutched some papers. What to do? Every moment was precious. The artificial "rig" in the shares had already begun; once a breath of the truth leaked out, the great outcry must come, and their price would recede again to dwindling point. And here, only that morning, had come the cablegram from the startled agents in London.

It was in cipher. Hastily unraveled, it read: "Only just discovered that influential body original shareholders have secretly dispatched from London Lambert Littlewood, famous Australian mining expert, by steamer Calcaras, for surprise inspection of the mine and to take back samples of reported quartz. Calcaras due today, Wednesday. Unless emergency instructions duly carried out, all is lost."

He could bear the suspense no longer. With a groan his hand dropped heavily on the gong that set tinkling a bell in his chief clerk's room. All or nothing now! His breath suspended, the muscles of his face twitching uncontrollably, he stood and stared at the balize door.

Now it had swung back. David Heron came in with his quiet, confident step, the wave of curly hair, pushed back from his forehead, on his lips the suppressed whistle of a man who had every cause to be happy.

"Want me, sir?" Then he paused, as if doubting whether it were the man who had entered the office that morning. "You are ill, Mr. Foskett? Let me—"

"Shut that door; fasten it!" came the husky gasp. "No time to talk. Look at this!" and his shaking hand held out the cablegram and the private code.

Wonderingly, David Heron took and compared them, and then looked back at his chief.

"Honestly, I don't understand," he said. "What's there to fear? Let him come by all means!"

"Come! Here!" That sunken voice echoed the words. He moved slowly forward, till his hand gripped the athletic shoulder. "Are you mad? He cannot; he must not reach this place for three days, at least. He must be kept back at any cost; you are the one man for the work; you are the one man in whom I dare confide. On you now depends everything. I must have time; if he reaches the mine before Saturday, all is over. What do I mean? That it will take me every hour till then to procure and place, so as to blind an expert, the blocks of payable quartz that I should have had in position weeks ago!"

"Sell the mine!" Heron gasped, vaguely, at the end of that pause. He had quivered and paled, but that was all as yet. "Is that what you mean?" His hand came slowly up. "Mr. Foskett! Have all your reports and glowing accounts been fabrications? Is all this that, persuaded primarily of the syndicate's good faith and good fortune, he had sunk all his private means in the scheme and the purchase of shares at a discount. Now that the mine had proved bare of all but patchy veins of unpayable ore, he must go on at all costs;

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the shares gives us our profit. You stare! I can face anything, risk anything, sooner than restart life as a pauper. No one here knows but our two selves. Keep this Littlewood back till he comes. He shall see the payable mine. The moment our present object is turned up in tons with his own eyes. The surprise element of the visit is our salvation. He is bound to be impressed and to carry back a report favorable enough as to developments to start a 'boom.' And then—"

"And then—?" David Heron, had closed his eyes in a sort of incredulous horror to shut out the haggard tempting face. For the moment that wave of fierce resentment had prompted him to clutch the man who had led him blindfold to the edge of this precipice. Just in time there came the recollection that he was Sheila's father still. "And then—" he repeated bitterly. "Exposure and the felon's dock for all concerned!"

"No!" Nearer he came till his breath fanned hot on the young Scotsman's cheek. "Let me tell you all before you decide; realize once for all that I have sunk so low that my alternative to ruin would be suicide. Not that exposure need never come; it has been obviated by a fateful stroke of destiny. Do you know why the old managers ceased working the mine in reality? Heron, if the miners had known, they were working daily in the shadow of death. It was found out afterward and hushed up, to prevent a collapse in the shares; but the syndicate has found out and will utilize the discovery."

"Listen! At the very foot of the main shaft, where the cage stops, and the tunnels slope away, there is only a casing of black cement and a foot-thick layer of quartz holding back an accumulated flow of water from the lake, a mile away—far more than enough water to flood the mine forever and end its history. The moment our present object is attained that water will be free. Think of all your hard savings and your hopes! Are they not worth a month's silence, a little help at this extremity?"

"No!" He burst brokenly from Heron's lips. He had drawn slowly back; his hand was upon the door. "No! I see it all; I know now. You have been more than generous to me; that was the bait. You have allowed yourself to become the tool of obscure scoundrels, but you do not make me your tool in turn! If what you say is true, every moment longer that I identify myself with the Little Goliath mine is a moment of everlasting discredit to the man who worked to win you!"

"Ah, now think twice! You had forgotten. You hoped for my daughter. If the worst happens to me, Heron, the worst happens to you." He pointed to the private door. "You force me to play my last card in this life-and-death drama. She—"

She—was here a few moments ago and confessed that she loved you. That gave me my idea. I admit it. Do you want her? Then that is her price. I simply say Lambert Littlewood must be kept back. There is no one but you to trust. If he should reach the mine tomorrow you will see no more in this life of Foskett and his daughter. Think!"

"Heavens! Sheila the price of that!" That hard sob in his throat, his face white and rigid with the intensity of the most terrible mental battle a man could know. Heron stode to and fro. "Thrice be turned with that fierce 'No!' on his lips, and thrice looked quickly away from the man whose face showed

all too plainly that he was at the end of his tether. "Is there no other way?" he begged. "Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing. Today decides all. It is far more vital than you realize. It is that—against your money and Sheila. I mean that word and will keep it."

"Does she know? Would she ever know if I paid your vile price?"

"I cannot say. She loves you, but in the woman is everything!"

"Aye! Heaven help me; I valued her respect, too. No matter. If I'm to play the villain, let me know at once. What is it that I am to do?"

"Sh!" A tap at the door; a telegram for the mine manager. He tore it open feverishly. His face was a study as he held out the form. "Your answer—the mine ride through the dusk. His horse may shy; any slight mishap might happen to a man riding here, even if he knows the country. A drug would work; he would wake next morning to find himself many miles away, and nothing could ever transpire. Nothing too desperate!" he added, with a shudder. "I have it! The creek path there, where the roads run three ways. He would be certain to slacken up, and then, a chlo-

reformed cloth—"

There was no answer. Still and strange David Heron stood while sixty might have been counted; then, with that mechanical word, "The creek path!" he groped toward the door and was gone.

It might have been one minute, or five, before the mine manager came to himself with a start. That private door—it seemed as if a faint little moan had sounded on the other side of it. He stumbled forward and slid back the catch. And there, like a statue with wide, horror-filled eyes, stood Sheila. Her lips were struggling to speak.

"Dave! Call him back! My Dave!"

"You dare!" The desperate man gripped her wrist. "Sheila, think! He's gone to save us all! His failure may mean our ruin and your good-by to him forever!"

The dusk had fallen swiftly. Just light enough now to frame the white, granite-like face of the man who stood there by the lonely creek path, his somber eyes staring away toward Balcaras Junction—that faint glow of light in the valley down there. So he had stood for an hour; so he would stand for hours more, his fingers clutching the length of larriat thong, his mind a chaotic blank. The express might be late; the information might be wrong, and the solitary rider never appear that way; but he must wait and realize afterward what that hour of madness had meant.

What was that? His dulled brain seemed to grasp two sounds at once—faint hoof thuds far to the right and a patter of feet on the near left. He shrank instinctively, as a flying, breathless figure resolved itself in the dusk; and then—but the reason seemed part of the wildest dream. He only knew that two arms had circled his neck suffocatingly; that sob after sob was breaking

against his cheek; that he was staring down into the imploring eyes of the woman whose love was to be the price of his life's dishonor.

"Dave! Dave! Not for me—not for all the money in this world! Quick! I heard all; I've risked all and come to save you! Let that man pass free and I will answer: I will pay!"

Far from realizing, he tried to resist, but a paralysis of mingled hope and fear seemed to hold his limbs. Nearer, nearer came those hoof thuds; but the larriat had been torn from his grasp. It was a woman's weak arms that drew him stubbornly back into the deepest shadow; a woman's hand that silenced his lips and held him in a spell as horse and rider loomed into view. The animal reared; his rider stared down piercingly at the motionless figures of a man and a woman. Next instant, little guessing at the tragedy that had waited in his path, Lambert Littlewood, the mining expert, had vanished in the gloom, and a wild little cry of reaction had broken from Sheila's lips.

"My darling! Quick! Not a word—not a moment to be lost. No one knows. It came to me in a flash. This way, this way! In the mining shed there—all the tools you will need. It's at the foot of the main shaft, where the turning begins; it is marked with a white star on the plan—see, I have stolen the plan! Not a word! I can lower the cage and you; I am strong enough tonight to raise it again. Half an hour's determined work, and then—by dawn tomorrow the Little Goliath mine will be flooded and the great living lie nailed down for all time! Can you understand? Dare you risk it for my sake? If you love me, prove it now. The ruin will come, but no shame need follow it. Better it comes now, and hundreds of innocent people be spared the loss that was to make the syndicate rich. Dave, you lose you all, too, but you win back the respect of the woman you love. Is it worth it? Answer quick, and then I can tell you something more."

And a new light—no, the old light—came back into his eyes and looked down into hers. Something like a sob

broke in the man's throat, as his arms drew her close in silent reply.

Before midnight of that day a trickle of water from the lake a mile away had broken through the fissure and quickened to a rivulet that crawled steadily along the unfinished galleries and tunnels of the mine. All through the long night that flow continued, and when dawn, flushed crimson, and the mining expert drew up with Mr. Foskett at the mouth of the main shaft a glance showed that the truth about the Little Goliath mine would never be known row.

Dame Nature has made sure of all our dividends," was the historic remark cabled by Lambert Littlewood to England that day. "The mine, whatever its secret, is a thing of the past."

It was forty-eight hours later. Crouched at a desk in his inner office sat Mr. Foskett. He had heard no voice, no footfall, but a hand suddenly gripped his shoulder. He stumbled up with a cry, his fingers closing upon the butt of a revolver, as if the finality of all had come.

"Sit still; put that down," said a quiet voice, thrilling with just a touch of sorrowful scorn. "You are safe, so far, in spite of yourself. True, your great scheme has failed, but—"

"I'm ruined," came the hoarse gasp. "I could face anything but that. I'm a beggar!"

"Not quite," was the cold reply; and something fluttered down on the desk. "Take it! a cheque for £5,000. It represents precisely the market value of your precious shares at the moment when, by my hand, they were taken away. That fictitious value. No thanks! It is I who am the beggar, and your own daughter who has given her all to save you from the penury you so dread and so richly deserve!"

"Then—then—want her still? You come to ask me for my daughter, I return for this sacrifice of hers?"

"I ask nothing. We two stand together now, with our way to make in the world, but you have lost your conscience to help us. Your daughter is here; we have come to say good-by. You are saved, and my wife has paid the price!"—TIT-BITS.

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